The Legend of Ishmael: The Outlaw of the Covenant

EXT. WILDERNESS OF PARAN – DUSK

Sand sweeps across the ridges.

A boy,

bow slung over his shoulder,

he had learned how to hunt for his mother

follows his mother,

through the city

Her eyes are tired

grief and worry pulling at her face.

HAGAR

“Ishmael… stay close.

The kings of Paran press harder.

They want you to serve them.”

ISHMAEL

(stubborn)

“I will not kneel.

The desert is mine.

I move where the sand moves.”

He kicks at the dust,

eyes flashing with fire.

She turns,

anger and fear in her voice.

HAGAR

“Is this what the Lord God had spared you for?

To fight shadows all your life?

Will you not make peace

with your brother Isaac?”

Silence.

The boy looks away,

jaw tight.

He does not answer.

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HIS YOUTH

Ishmael running barefoot across dunes,

loosing arrows at jackals.

Sitting alone at night,

sharpening his bow,

watching stars with questions that never leave his lips.

Hagar weeps by the fire

while he plans raids and watches rival tribes.

His men

scavengers,

desert boys

laugh around him,

following his every word.

He became the dweller of the sand,

the outlaw with a clan,

the wild donkey of the wilderness.

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EXT. PARAN – DAY

A faint fire flickers at the edge of Ishmael’s camp.

The wind hums through empty jars.

ISHMAEL sits alone,

tracing patterns in the sand with a stick.

The moon glows over him like a half-closed eye.

From the dunes,

two travelers approach:

a girl carrying a skin of water,

and a boy walking beside her in silence.

They stop before the outlaw.

but they were not ordinary travelers

two angels

servants of God

in human flesh

sent to confront Ishmael

ishmael welcomes the boy and the girl

and they join ishmael and his journeys

One night they sat at the campfire

GIRL

“You’ve run far,

son of the wilderness.

The desert still thirsts for you.”

She kneels,

holding out the water.

He hesitates,

then drinks.

ISHMAEL

“You speak kindly for a stranger out in these dunes

Kindness is a luxury here.

It dies faster than the weak.”

GIRL

“Kindness lives where breath remains.

Even the sand hides wells beneath it.”

She smiles.

For a moment,

The fire softens his face.

Later – By the Fire

The girl tells stories of forgiveness to him

Ishmael listens,

but his eyes wander from her gentleness.

ISHMAEL

"You remind me of someone…

a voice that once called me home.

my mother…"

He reaches toward her hand,

uncertain,

as if claiming what comfort he can.

The boy steps closer from the shadows.

BOY

“Careful, Ishmael.

Water is given to drink,

not to own.”

Ishmael stiffens.

ISHMAEL

“ And who are you to teach me?

You walk in here like a prophet,

speaking riddles to a starving man.”

BOY

“No riddles.

we just want to help”

Silence spreads between them.

Even the wind pauses to listen.

GIRL

“He’s right.

You can’t heal if you keep turning hearts into shields.”

Ishmael looks away,

eyes wet with anger more than sorrow.

ISHMAEL

"I was cast out, remember?

no home.

Only sand

and hunger."

BOY

“Let the desert break you,

and it will bless you.

even the lost

are held in the covenant, Ishmael”

Ishmael gaze hardens.

His jaw tightens.

The fire snaps.

Something in Ishmael’s chest unravels.

Ishmael snaps

ISHMAEL

(yelling)

“ENOUGH

don’t ever speak of covenant to me

I was always banished since birth

a mistake

i don’t need your help

leave me be”

He pushes back from the girl,

anger and shame colliding.

DAWN

The boy and girl walk away across the dunes.

Behind them,

Ishmael sits in the cooling ashes of his fire.

EXT. PARAN – NIGHTFALL

The firelight dances on Ishmael’s clan.

Men sharpen arrows,

boys run in the sand.

Ishmael sits apart,

eyes fierce,

voice low.

ISHMAEL

Paran will be ours

Not a wasteland —

a kingdom of the dunes

we'll make them pay for what they've done to us

The men nod.

———

but the boy

He watches the clan

prepare an ambush.

but then

he listens to Ishmael whisper:

ISHMAEL

"We burn the wells,

kill the people of Paran

take the routes.

They will bow to me or starve."

The boy steps forward.

His voice cuts through the plotting.

BOY

"Bow?

what is this that you desire

i thought our job

was to steal the goods and leave paran empty

we will thirst.”

The clan stirs uneasily.

Ishmael stands, hand on his bow.

ISHMAEL

“Who are you to speak to me?

I am Abraham’s son.

I survived the dunes

when no one else would.”

BOY

“And yet,

like you said

Isaac was chosen.

You cannot steal blessing

with arrows,

and pain”

THE COLLAPSE

The plan unravels.

The boy’s words spread through the camp like fire.

Some of Ishmael’s own men falter,

their loyalty shaken.

The ambush fails.

The clans of Paran rise against him.

Ishmael’s warriors scatter into the dunes.

The outlaw’s dream of kingship crumbles.

Ishmael stands alone,

bow trembling in his grip.

But the boy’s eyes pierce him:

calm,

relentless,

Spirit-filled.

INT. CAVE OF MACHPELAH – TWILIGHT

Abraham lies still in his grave

Two sons stand together for the first time in years.

ISAAC,

quiet,

hands folded.

ISHMAEL,

grief storming his face.

ISHMAEL

(voice breaking)

"You…

you were chosen.

While I was cast out.

Why, Isaac?

Tell me why."

Isaac does not answer.

He simply places his hand on Ishmael's shoulder

and they hug

tears falling silently.

Ishmael trembles.

The bow slips from his fingers,

clattering to the ground.

For the first time,

he weeps —

not as an outlaw,

but as a son.

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EXT. PARAN – YEARS LATER – SUNSET

The old man sits and returns back among his clan.

Children run,

sons sharpen arrows,

wives prepare bread by the fire.

But Ishmael sits apart,

hands empty.

He gazes at the horizon,

the bow long behind him.

He lived long in the desert,

a simple man of the lord

But his people

clung not to God,

only to his tradition.

From them rose the tribes,

the new Princes

of the kingdoms of dunes

born of the desert,

but strangers

to the covenant flame.

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